

Damon and Phyllida;

A PASTORAL

F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the Two

THEATRES-ROYAL

I N

LONDON and *DUBLIN*,

By his Majesty's Servants.



L O N D O N Printed: And,

D U B L I N Re-printed, and sold by **GEORGE FAULKNER**, at the *Pamphlet-Shop* in *Essex-Street*,
opposite to the *Bridge*, **M D C C X X X I I**.

Dramatis Personæ.

ARCAS, a Nobleman of great Possessions in *Arcadia*. } *Mr. R. Elrington.*

ÆGON, his Friend. *Mr. Hambleton.*

CORYDON, an old Shepherd. *Mr. Alcorn.*

CIMON } Simple Brothers,
MOPSUS. } in Love with *Phillida.* } *Mr. Reynolds.*

DAMON, an Inconstant. *Mr. Layfield.*

PHILLIDA, } Daughter to *Corydon.* } *Mrs. Reynolds.*

DAMON.



DAMON and PHILLIDA.

A C T I.

ARCAS and AECON.

AECON.

THIS Way I see old *Corydon* advancing;
He comes, by my Appointment, to
complain
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his
Daughter,

And hopes that your Authority will right him.

Arc. 'Tis true, somewhat of this I've heard.

Aeg. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend
you.

*Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus, Damon,
and other Shepherds.*

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*
Lord of our Lands and Flocks---

Arc. ----Good Neighbours, welcome :
What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare ?

Cor. Ah ! my good Lord, I have no Skill to
speech it,
But Grief at Heart, will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter
She'

DAMON and PHILLIDA

She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage,
And that she might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dow'r, in Present; at my Death, the rest.
'Tis true, 'tis little; but still the Half is Half.
Now here, so please you, I have found her out
A Pair of wholesome Youths, to take her Choice of:
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*;
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*!
Their Means and Manners suit her Breeding well,
And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Arc. A little Patience, Friend

Mop. —— Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!

That Fool my Brother's always in the Wrong!

Cor. Fy, fy, *Mopsus!* now thou art worse than he.

Ar. On wih thy Tale—

Cor. —— Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,
Were nothing in the Way to cross their Courtship,
Might one, or t'other, make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief;
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.

And why? because, forsooth! she loves another.
But how! how is her Love dispos'd? Why thus:
This pranking gamesome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs and Gambols has, I think, bewitch'd
her.

His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds,
And

And all the idle Day, they toy and sing together.

Cim. Ay, so they do, an' please you—

Cor. — Nay, nay, *Cimon!*

Cim. Well, well! I've done; but I'm sure it's true tho'.

Cor. So nothing now will go down with her, but *Damon*.

And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her.

The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,

Has little Hope to 'scape being made his Breakfast:

For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,

And openly defies my Power to force him.

A hard Defiance to a tender Father! [Weeps.]

Now, good my Lord, 'tis true you're not our King,

And therefore none are bound by Law, to obey you.

But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.

The Man was branded here, that scorn'd your Pleasure.

And the great Good you do us every Day,
Will make your Word go farther than a Law:

So if your Pity think my Case is hard,

I leave the Manner how, to your great Wisdom;

And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's Sorrow.

Arc. O *Ægon!* how affecting is the Tongue of plain Simplicity---The honest Wretch, He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence, Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators. Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart, And, to my poor Extent of Power will serve thee. But hear we now, what others may reply.

Damon

Damon, thou 'ast heard this good old Man's Complaint;

Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?

Dam. My Lord, I mean the Lass no Harm, not I:

Tis true, I like her Lips, and so I do

Some Twenty others; and Twenty others may

Have all the same Demand to marry me.

But, 'las-a-day! tho' Kissing goes by Favour,

A Man can't marry every Girl he kisses.

Were that a Claim, then she that first was kis'd,

Should first be married; so I hope, my Lord,

I shall not be bound to do One right, in wrong
To Hundreds that should come Turn before her.

Æg. Sirrah! thou makest thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Dam. Not so hard, good Master; for Maids,
sometimes,

Are slippery Bits, as well as we; and he

That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but sorry Sport a-shooting.

Æg. Knave! thou'rt a Nuisance; all thy Neigh-
bours note thee

For a Poacher: When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron-strings around the Country.

Arc. Gently, *Ægon*; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his Thought
Well *Damon*, what Amends to *Corydon*?

What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter?

Dam. Why, let the Damsel please herself, my
Lord;

If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her Choice.

If to make Life a Frolick — Here's her Man.

There!

There's no great Hardship where the Will is free :
 As she must first consent before she kisses,
 I hope she'll first have mine before I marry.
 For tho' some Men have hang'd themselves for
 Maids,

Yet I have known my Betters think a Wife
 The worst of Halters ; so whate'er betide me,
 I hope you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence.

Arc. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride a Punishment ?

Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still.
 And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

AIR I.

*The Man for Life,
 That takes a Wife,
 Is like a Thousand dismal Things ;
 A Fox in Trap,
 Or worse, may hap ;
 An Owl in Cage that never sings.*

*Dull from Morn to Night,
 He hates her Sight,
 Yet he, poor Soul ! must endure it.
 Bed of Thorns !
 Head of Horns !
 Such a Life !
 Rope, or Knife,
 Can only cure it.*

A Bull at Stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong !
Like Dog and Cat,
Or Puss and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.
But the Man that's free,
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's tasting :
Never cloyes
With his Joys ;
Day or Night,
New Delight
Is only lasting.

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him falsly ;
 He owns himself more wicked than I spoke him.

Arc. 'Tis true, as such we shall consider him.
 Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propose,

[*To Cim. and Mop.*

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mold.
 There stands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,
 That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon's*,
 Take this Occasion to avow your Love :
 You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

Cim. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I ha' no Heart to
 speak ;
 She flouts and glouts at me from Morn to Night.
 See how she looks now ! 'cause she can't avoid me.

Arc.

Arc. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her maiden Shyneſſ.

Cim. D'ye think ſo, Sir? Why then I will take Heart.

If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

A I R. II.

There's not a Swain,
On the Plain,
Would be bleſt as I,
O could you but, could you but, on me ſmile:
But you appear
So ſevere,
That trembling with Fear,
My Heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, all the
When I cry, [while.
Must I die?
You make no Reply,
But look ſhy,
And, with a ſcornful Eye,
Kill me with your Cruelty:
How can you be, can you be,
How can you be, ſo hard to me?

Ah! poor *Cimon*, thou art ne'er the nearer: Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her. [Crying.

Cor. You ſee, my Lord, the Lad, tho' fearful, in His Heart is honestly dispos'd, however.

Arc. Perhaps ſhe may be more inclin'd to *Mopsus*.

Æg. Come, *Mopsus*, now for thee, thy Heart seems chearful.

Mop. Ay, 'twas always so; I love to laugh,
 Let things go how they will; why let her frown!
 As long as Cimon's us'd as ill as I,
 It gives one's Mind a little Ease however:
 Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at.
 So, as he's for singing an old Song sadly,
 'Twill be but sad, to try a new one merrily.

AIR III.

When Phillida milks her Cow,
How have I stood smirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream would flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!
Thy whiter Bosom too so heav'd,
Half out, and half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd,
With a Fit of laughing!
I could not hold from laugh---ing!
Half out, and half in!
Oh! to see them fall and rise,
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the purest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died with laughing,
With laugh---ing.

Æg. Well said, *Mopsus!* Thou sing'st it from
 thy Heart,
 And 'tis a merry one —
Mop. — Better than crying.

DAMON and PHILLIDA

11

Cor. Ah ! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely
Words

To speak our Minds ; but what we say, we stand
to.

Arch. An honest Principle : Now, my good
Friend,

Let us enquire into thy Daughter's Heart ;
For that must guide us——

Cor. ----- Phillida, come near.

Arch. Well, my fair Maid, is there within my
Power

Ought that may contribute to thy Happiness ?
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart ?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth,
my Lord,

I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game :
I know my Father's Kindness means me well,
And I could wish I had the Power to please him ;
But I am loth to lead a savage Life :
And sure, these Lads were woful Company.

Cim. O scornful Maid ! My Heart will burst
with Grief. [Cries.]

Mop. Hoh, hoh ! Poor Cimon's in a bitter ta-
king. [Laughs.]

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse from such Extreams
of Folly.

Damon, with all his Infidelities,
Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible :
And I am more than much afraid I love him.
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless ;
And I have tried a thousand thousand times

To

To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do.
 Whene'er my Heart is open, in he comes ;
 Again submits, and is again forgiven ;
 Again I love, and am again forsaken ;
 Yet still he fools me on, and when he's absent,
 With Sighs and Songs I thus relieve my Folly.

AIR IV.

I.

*What Woman could do, I have try'd to be free ;
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
 Still, still he's the Man.
 They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear :
 When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can
 fear ?
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still — still he's the Man.*

II.

*I caught him once making love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd and kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
 So civil a Man ?
 The next Day I found to a Th'ird he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still — still he's the Man.*

All

III.

*All the World bids me beware of his Art :
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man :
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
 Who can do more than they can ?
 He—— still is the Man.*

*Arc. Take Comfort, Corydon ; all yet may mend :
 Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
 Persuades me of her guarded Innocence.
 And though licentious Damon may deserve
 Severe Reproof ; yet for the Maiden's sake
 (For what he suffers, her fond Heart will feel)
 We will not harden him, by Punishment,
 But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.
 Of this bad matter make we then the best.
 If therefore, Damon, thou, or any Swain,
 By Suit, or Service of his Love, can woe,
 And win this gentle Maid to be his Bride,
 The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,
 My self will double on her Marriage-day,
 And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.*

*Cor. May all the Gods preferve the bounteous
 Arcas.*

*All A double Portion ! Now, my honest Lads,
 There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts.
 Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow.
 Now sing and dance her down to your Desires.*

Now

Now *Phillida*, let faithless *Damon* see
What Love and Honesty have gain'd by Truth ;
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon*, now's our Time.

Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted : my poor Hopes
Will never blossom, while she looks so frosty.

Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad ; thou seest he
knows

No Fear, nor Grief : Up with thy Heart, and at
her.

Cim. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well said, my Boy : Ah ! this joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry Pin ;
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweet-
heart.

AIR V.

When I follow'd a *Lass*, that was forward and shy,
O ! I stuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply,
O ! I took her so lovingly round the *Waste*,
And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast.

When hugg'd, and kall'd,
She squeal'd, and squall'd ;
And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again,
Yet I pleas'd, &c.

Then boity toity,
Whisking, frisking,
Green was her Gown upon the Grass ;

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days.
 O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days.

Arc. Well done my merry Heart, come *Corydon*,
 Now let us leave these Lovers free to woe,
 And he that first subduing, and subdued,
 Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r,
 In farther Token of my Love, my self
 Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

Æg. Now for the Garland —

Mop. — Live the noble *Arcas*:

[Ex. *Arcas* and *Ægon* severally.

Cor. — Let me but live to see that Knave,
 That graceless *Damon* bobb'd; let him but wear
 The Willow, I'll jump into my Grave [Exit]
 With Joy — — — — — [Exit *Cor.*]

Dam. — — — — — So now have I probably
 All my whole Work to do over again,
 This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her Brain,
 And set the Windmill of her Sex a going. (Aside.

Mop. Now, *Cimon* now!

Cim. — — — — — I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No you are the Elder — — — — —

Cim. — — — — — But my heart misgives me.

Phil. Still silent, no kind Offer yet from *Damon*? [Aside.]

Has Fortune no Effect upon his Heart. [Aside.]

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
 The Tune alone — — — — —

Mop. — Well then be sure you back me.

AIR VI.

*Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender ?*

Cim. *Faith and Troth, I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.*

Mop. *Of us Boys,*

Cim. *Take thy Choice :*

Mop. *Here's a Heart —*

Cim. *— And here's a Hand too.*

Mop. *His, or mine,*

Cim. *All is thine.*

Both *— Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd.

AIR VII.

*While you both pretend a Passion,
'Twould be cruel to chuse either ;
To preserve your Inclination,
I must kindly fix on neither.*

To be just,

I now must

*Make your's and your's be equal Cases ;
Therefore pray,
From this Day,*

I never may behold your Faces.

Now be silent ; if Damon is inclin'd

To speak, his turn is next, you've had your Answer.

Mop. Well, let him speak ; may hap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours

From

From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you.

Don't cry, *Cimon*, it only makes her prouder.

Cim. She has given me such a kick o'the Heart,
I shall never recover it —

Phil. — Hark thee, *Cimon*;
I like thee better than thy Brother far.

Cim. O the Gracious! do you truly and truly?

Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Instant; take
him hence,

And keep him from my Sight an Hour at least:
And when thou see'st me next, come thou without
him.

Cim. Give me thy Hand on't —

Phil. — Hush, not now, they'll see us.
Away with him —

Cim. — A Word's enough — I'll do't.
Come, *Mopsus*, come away — for I have a thing,
And such a thing to tell thee, Boy —

Mop. — What ails
The Fool? Thou'rt mad.

Cim. Mad! Ay, and so would you
Be too, were my Case your's: But come away.

Mop. Nay, not so fast, good *Cimon* —

(*Cimon* burries off *Mopsus*.)

Dam My charming Creature! this was kindly
done:

Never was Favour to a Fool so well
Dissembled —

Phil. — Yes, I have learn'd from you dissem-
bling;
And you'll again dissemble to reward me.

Dam. Why so suspicious, *Phillida*? Don't I love thee?

Why all this Bustle at my Heart, when thus I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!

Give me thy Lips, and see how thour't mistaken.

Phil. No, *Damon*, Lips are but liquorish Proofs Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R VIII.

Dam. ——— *Away with Suspition,*
That Bane to Desire;
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies :
The Rules of Discretion
But stifle the Fire ;
On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,
Lest the Lover dissemble
His Fire ?
Turtles that woe,
While we enjoy
We must be true ;
And to repeat it is all,
All we can desire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart:

Thou know'st I love, and therfore would'st undo me. (secure thee.

Dam. I know thou lov'st, and therefore would

A I R

I
AIR IX.

Phil. ----- *While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you say.
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying, (Day,
Call first the Priest, and name the
Then, then name the Day.*

*Lasses are willing
As Lads, for billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest :
Let holy Father
Tye us together,
Then bill your Fill, and bill your best,
Then, then bill your best.*

Dam. What ! not a Hand, a Lip, for old Ac-
quaintance ?

Not one poor Sample of the Grain my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the whole ?

Dam. No, Damon ; now 'tis time to end our
Fooling :

Consent to wed me, or forbear to love.

Dam. What ! dost thou think to starve me into
Marriage ?

Phil. I'll starve myself, but I'll avoid thy falsehood.

Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Dam. No---nor I won't be pounded while I
can leap (graze on :

A Hedge ; so keep your Grass for Calves to
need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame ;

And

And good as any Meal that you can make me,

Phil. Do leave me, do, and prove thyself a
Faithless, inhuman *Damon*— (Traitor;

Dam. —— Mighty well

This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain;
And thou would'st make me madder than thyself:
A Husband, Death! a Mill-horse! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeless Round of Life;
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, still
To plod the Path I trod the Day before.

O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders.

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon*! now I begin to hate
thee. (your Mind:

Dam. I'm glad, my Mistres, that you'll speak
Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches.
But since I know your Play, Forsooth, hang lag,
Say I; and so farewell, fair *Phillida*.

A I R X.

Dam. *I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,*
And scatter Love around the Plains.

Phil. *I'll starve my Love, and rather part,*
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.

Dam. *The Frown of this, I ne'er take ill;*
• *Where one denies, there's two that will.*

Phil. *Since Maids by Kindness are undone;*
Adieu, Mankind; I'll sigh for none.

Dam. *No frozen Lass shall hold me long.*

Phil. *No Swain that's false my Love shall wrong.*

Dam. *Farewel, farewell—'tis time to part.*

Phil. *Thus from thy Hold I tear my Heart.*

Both. *Farewel, farewell, &c.*

A C T



ACT II.

DAMON Solus.

AIR I.

*Around the Plains my Heart has rov'd;
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd;
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.*

*I danc'd, I sang, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I wo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And are the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd,
The Coy resign'd her Charms.*

*But now, alas! those Days are done;
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frightened Bird is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.*

*O! could I yet her Heart recal,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And, for his sake, forsaking all,
Would fix forever there.*

Could

Could I have ever thought to have seen this Day ?
 That I should fold my Arms, and sigh for one,
 Nay, one that in her turn has sigh'd for me,
 And only could subdue me by her Parting !
 How could the Gypsy muster such a Spirit ?
 The Pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,
 I shall never rest in my Bed, 'till she
 Lies by me---Here she comes, and with her---ha !
 Her Father ! soft---I am out of Favour there.
 Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.

(Retires.

Enter Corydon, with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him--

Phil. ----- That's hard.

Is't not enough to see him not ?

Cor. ----- That's hard.

Avoid him, as the wildest Beast of Prey.
 He uses Girls like Carrion : Not the Wolf
 In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
 Can make more havock than that wicked Rogue
 Among the Wenches Hearts -----

Dam. ----- That must be me. (Behind.)

But what says *Phillida* ?

Phil. ----- Suppose this true ;
 Yet could he still be wrought to marry me ?

Cor. My Patience ! has he not refus'd to marry ?

Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his
 Love.

Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart.
 And till you drive him hence -----

Phil. ----- I strive to do it ;
 And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

AIR II.

*At thousand Ways to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him;
And though for Life I've sworn to part,
For Life I find I love him.
Still, should the dear false Man return,
And with new Vows pursue me,
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.*

Cor. Consider *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou hast choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*,)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

Phil. I do consider, Father; so should you,
As a low Fortune with a Man I love,
Can't make me rich; Riches with a Man
I hate, can't make me happy----

Dam. ----- Gallant Girl!
O! I could eat thy very Lips, that spoke it.

(*Behind.*

Cor. See, yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy,
In time to please thee----

Phil. ----- Well, since you desire it.
But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too;
Send him to make his equal Claim,
And 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'st my Heart,
I'll send him.

(*Exit.*
Dam.

Dam. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes,
my own.

To her Cimon singing.

A I R III.

Cim. Behold and see thy wounded Lover,
Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
O let my Tears, at length, discover
One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart.

Phil. Were in the World, no Man but Cimon,
None of the Female Kind but I,
With me should end the Name of Woman,
With thee the Race of Man should die

Cim. O cruel Sound! false-hearted Phillida!
Didst thou not say, thou loved'st me better than
My Brother *Mopsus*? ---

Phil. ----- Yes, but 'twas,
As of two Evils, I would chuse the least;
Stay, till I'm bound to chuse, and then reproach me.
Thy crying makes me laugh, his laughing makes
Me sleep. ----- There's all true hopeful difference.

A I R IV.

Cim. O what a Plague is Love,
I cannot bear it:
What Life so curst can prove,
Or Pain come near it.
When I would tell my Mind,
My Heart misdoubts me;
Or when I speak, I find
With Scorn she routs me.

Her Answer still is nay:
O dismal, doleful Day!
Phillida scorns me.

Enter Mopsus singing.

A I R. V.

Mop. *Ab! poor Cimon! Dud a cry?*
Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida?
To treat him so scornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully!

Phillida fy!

Phil. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!*
Simpleton, Paperskull! I for ever shall
Think thee far the greater Fool;
Therefore will give thee cause
With him to cry.

Cim. *Toll! loll! loll! doll! —— Now I pray,*
Who has cause most to cry, ab! well-a-day!

Mop. *What care I! why let her scoff,*
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.

Cim. *Ab! poor Mopsus thou'rt a Fool!*

Mop. *I say, you're a greater Owl.*

Cim. *Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye.*

Mop. *What's a Lye?*

Cim. — — — — — That's a Lye!

Mop. *I say 'tis true.*

A I R. VI. (The A I R changes.)

Phil. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies,*
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too;

5 DAMON and PHILLIDA.

Did ever a Brace of such Boobies,
The Lass that detests them pursue?

Mop. How!

Phil. — Go!

Cim. — Oh! I am ready to faint;

How are you? (To Mopsus.

Mop. Why truly she treats us but so so.

For my part, I think she's a Devil:

A Woman would scorn for to do so.

Cim. O fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.

Phil. Prepare then to hear my last Sentence:

Before I'd wed either, much rather

I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance.

And want for my Bantling a Father.

Go!

Cim. — Oh! Woe! I'm ready to faint;

Mop. And I too.

Was ever a Slut so inhuman?

Odzoooks! let us take down her Mettle.

Cim. I dare not

Mop. — Let me come; Pshaw waw, Man,
She only has water'd a Nettle.

Phil. In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen;

For one of us too you must now chase,

Then you are the Man that I fix on,

And you — are the Fool I refuse.

(Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Cim. Wounds!

Cim.

DAMON and PHILLIDA. 27

Cim. & Mop. Go! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.

Phil. If there's a Joy comes near recovering those We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.

When Cimon and Mopsus are gone, Damon presents himself to Phillida, singing.

A I R VII.

Dam. — See! behold, and see,
With an Eye kind and relenting,
Damon now repenting,
Only true to thee;
Content to love, and love for Life.

Phil. — If you, now sincere,
With an honest Declaration,
Mean to prove your Passion,
To the Purpose swear,
And make at once a Maid a Wife.

Dam. — Thus, for Life, I take thee,
Never to forsake thee,
Soon or late
I find our Fate,
To Hearts astray
Directs the Way,
And brings to lasting Joys the Rover home.

Phil. — Ever kind and tender,
Conquer'd, I surrender:

Prov



DAMON and PHILIDA.

Prove but true,
 As I to you,
 Each kindling Kiss
 Shall yield a Bliss,
 That only from the constant Lip can come.

A I R VIII.

Dam. To the Priest away, and bind our Vows,
 With our Hands and Heart united.

Phil. To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouse,
 Is a Triumph, my Heart is delighted.

Dam. If I never could fix,
 'Twas the Fault of the Sex,
 Who easily yielding, were easy to sway.

Both. But in Love we still find,
 When the Heart's well inclin'd,
 In One, only One, is the Joy.
 But in Love, &c.

F I N I S.

